

“Rhythm is the element of motion continually flowing onward.”

ADOLPH CARPÉ.

2
A 13th CENTURY LOVE LILT.
An gille dubh ciar-dubh.

Air taken down from Ann Macneill, Barra, and

arr. with Translation and Pianoforte Accompaniment by

Allegretto con moto.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Liltingly.

PIANO.

Or with no flats.

§

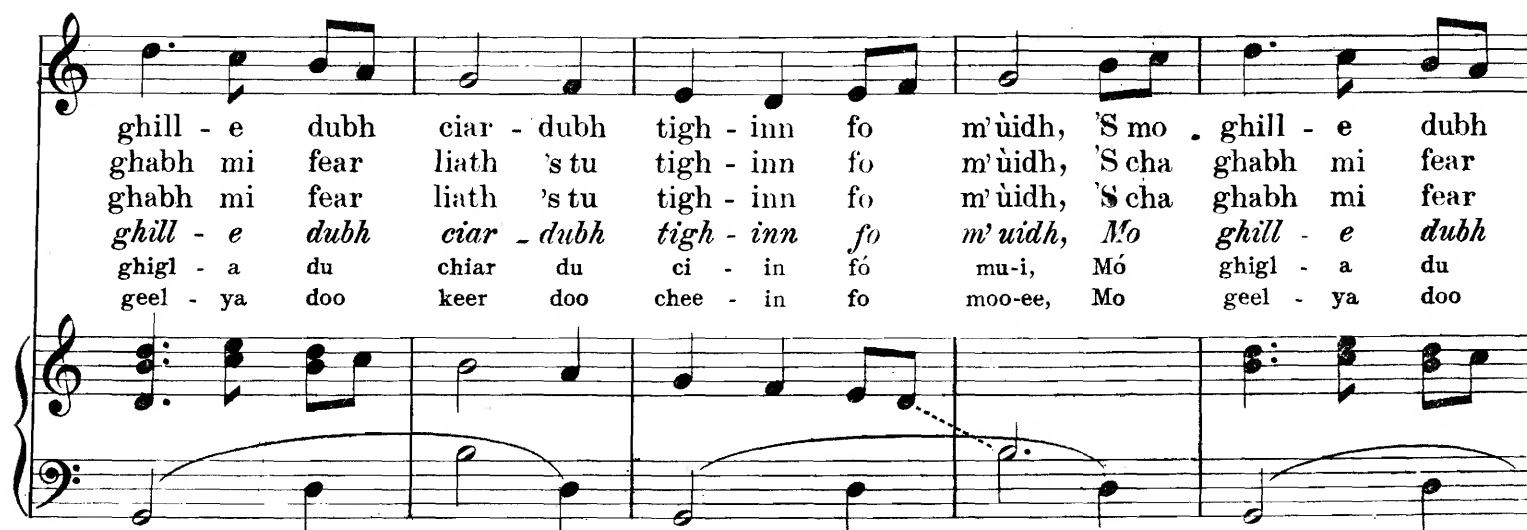
Cha	dir -	ich	mi	bruth -	ach,	's cha	siubh -	ail	mi	mòin -	teach,
Is	truagh	nach	robh	mis -	e	's an	gill -	e	dubh	ciar -	dubh An
Mo	ghill -	e	dubh	bòidh -	each,	ge	gòr -	ach	le	càch	thu,
No	more	by	green	hil -	lock	or	moor -	land	I	wan -	der, Light
O	would	that	I	were	with	my	gill -	e	dubh	ciar -	dubh, Up
Tho'	kins -	folk	de -	ny	me,	my	geel -	ya	doo	keer -	doo, I'll

Dh'fhalbh	mo	ghuth	cinn	's cha	seinn	mi	òr -	an,	Cha	
aod -	ainn	na	beinn -	e	Fo	shil -	eadh	nan	sian -	tan, An
Dhean -	ainn	do	phòs -	adh	gun	deòin	do	mo	chàir -	dean, Is
heart -	ed -	ly	lilt -	ing	my	joy	in	blythe	*or -	ain Bu
by	the	lone	†lag -	an	that	lies	on	the	hill -	slope, Where
wed	thee,	light	- heart -	ed -	ly	lilt -	ing	blythe	or -	ain, And

Additional verses in Mackenzies Beauties of Gaelic poetry. "This little song is attributed to a Highland Sappho of the 13th Century!"—Mackenzie.
Copyright 1909 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER. †lagan=a little hollow. *)orain=songs.



chaid - il mi uair o Luan gu Di - Dòm - naich, 'S mo
 lag - an beag fàs - aich no'n àit - eig - in diomh - air, 'S cha
 shiubh - lainn leat fad - a Feadh lag - an is fhàs - ach. 'S cha
sleep - less by night I sigh love's sweet bur - den, 'Mo
soft show'r-ing, cloud - lets trail gray o'er the moor - land, Ital. Mó
with thee aye wan - der by lag - an and fas - ach, Eng. Mo



ghill - e dubh ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'ùidh, 'S mo ghill - e dubh
 ghabh mi fear liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh, 'S cha ghabh mi fear
 ghabh mi fear liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh, 'S cha ghabh mi fear
ghill - e dubh ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'uidh, Mo ghill - e dubh
ghigl - a du chlar du ci - in fó mu-i, Mó ghigl - a du
geel - ya doo keer doo chee - in fo moo-ee, Mo geel - ya doo



ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'ùidh.
 liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh.
 liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh. **(Literal translation: And my dark, dusky dark lad coming under my care.)*
ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'uidh.
 chlar du ci - in fó mu-i. = Italian }
 keer doo chee - in fo moo-ee. = English } phonetics.



D. §

THE BALLAD OF MACNEILL OF BARRA.

O bhradaig dhuibh, ohi ohu
 Blurist na glasan, ohi-u-o-i-o-u-o fal-u-o
 Hao-i-ohi
 A Mhuireartaich
 A' chochail chraicinn,
 Cuiridh mi ort
 An dubh-chapaill.
 C' àit' an d' fhàg thu
 Ruairi 'n Tartair?
 'S a mhac cluichteach
 Nial a' Chaisteil?
 'S Nial Glun-Dubh?
 'S Nial Frasach?
 Mo cheol-gàire
 Ruairi 'n Tartair,
 Bheireadh e fion
 Do na h-cachaibh,
 Chuireadh e cruidhean
 Oir to 'n casan,
 Chuireadh e fùr
 Air an dealt dhaibh.
 'S iomadh claidheamh
 Gle-gheal lasrach,
 'S iomadh targaid
 Fuiteach sracach,
 Chunnaic mo shùil
 Anns a' chaisteal.
 A chuid daoine
 Mar na farspaich,
 'S gach eun eile
 Tha 'san ealtainn.
 Chiteadh 'na thalla
 Mùirn is macnas,
 Gachan air òl,
 Sùrd air dannsa,
 Pìob is fìdheall
 Dol 'nan deann-ruith,
 Cruit nan teudan
 Cur ris an annsgair.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Ye black-thief ye,
 Breaker of locks,
 Ye Sea-Carlin¹
 Of the skin-husk,²
 I will put on thee
 The black-shame.³
 Where hast left
 Ruairi Tartar? [Roy the Turbulent.]
 His son namely,
 Nial of the castle?
 Nial Glun-dubh, [Neil Black-knee.]
 And Nial Frasach? [Neil the Showarer of words and
 blows?] or Neil Fruitful.
 My music of laughter
 Is Ruairi Tartar,
 He would give wine
 To the horses,⁴
 He would their feet
 Have gold-shodden,
 He would put flowers
 On the dew for them.
 Many a sword
 Flashing, flaming,
 Many a targe
 Torn and blood-stained,
 Saw my eye
 In the castle.
 His force of men
 As the seagulls,
 And all the birds
 In bird-kingdom.
 In his Hall would be
 Mirth and man-joy,
 Gulping of drink,
 Spirited dancing,
 Pipe and fiddle
 Going into gallop,
 Harp of the strings
 Adding to joy-shouts.

¹ The *Sea-Carlin* (*Muireartach* or *Muileartach*), one of the most terrible characters in Gaelic mythology, is probably the Western Sea personified. For her encounter with *Fionn* and his heroes see Campbell's *West Highland Tales* Vol. III., p. 136). ² The *Sea-Carlin* is usually represented as dressed in the skin of her victims. ³ The Gaelic phrase, *an dubh-chapaill*, is obscure, but is always used in the sense of shame or sorrow—see *Celtic Review* (vol. III., p. 356).

⁴ There is a similar tradition regarding Lord Seaforth (Mackenzie of Kintail), Macdonald of Clanranald, and probably other chiefs. "A great hero was Clanranald," said the old folk. "He would have seven casks of the ruddy wine of Spain in his stable, and if a stranger asked what that was for he would be told that that was the drink for Clanranald's horses. And when the hero would go to London he would make his smith shoe his horse with a gold shoe, and only one nail in it; and the horse would cast the shoe in the great street, and the English lords would gather round about it and pick it up and say: 'Sure the great Clanranald is in London—here is a golden shoe.'" One of the Macneill chiefs, however, went one better than that. Each evening, after dinner, he sent a "trumpeter" up to his castle-tower to make the following proclamation: Ye kings, princes, and potentates of all the earth, be it known unto you that Macneill of Barra has dined—the rest of the world may dine now!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

THE BALLAD OF MACNEIL OF BARRA.

Words from John Macneill, Eriskay,
Mrs Maclean, Barra, and
Island of Eigg version.

Old Words and Air noted down by Mrs Kennedy
Fraser from the singing of Ann Macneil, Barra.
The English words and pianoforte arrangement by
Mrs KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 112$.
Like the sea.

PIANO. *dolce e p*

To be sung with an appreciation of the melodic and rhythmical beauty of the old air. Not to be too freely recited.

Ru - a - ri Chief of Bar-ra ò - hu Plun - der'd ships of
O bhrad - aig dhuibh o - hi o - hu Bhris na glas - an

molto sostenuto

"good" Queen Bess, O* - i - o - u - o fal - u - o Ha -
o - hi - o

2nd Verse.

i - o ò - hu Him, the Scots King o - hi ò - hu
A Mhuir - ear - tach

* Italian vowel sounds o: oh i: ee u: oo ò: aw

The story of the ballad refers to the capture by treachery of Ruari, "the stormy" Chief of the Macneils, in the time of King James VI.

** All the verses of the Gaelic song may be sung to the accompaniment of the 1st verse or preferably to that of 1st & 2nd verses alternately.

strisciato

Trapp'd, be-tray'd and cra-ven slew, o - i - o - u - o - fal - u - o.
 Choch - aill chraicinn o hi u

3rd Verse.
dolce e soave

Mer - chant ves - sel, o - hi ò - hu By his cas - tle an - chor'd
 Cuir - idh mi ort An dubh chap-aill o - hi -

lay, o - hi - o - hu - o - fal - u - o Ha - i - o ò - hi.
 u

Him they of - fer, o - hi ò - hu Wine and feast and wel - come
 C'ait' an d'fhàg thu Ruar - i'n Tar - tair o - hi -

The Ballad of Macneil of Barra.

ten. *Molto cantabile.* $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

true, o hi - o - u - o fal - u - o. Ha o - i - o - hu.

u *L.H.*

While they're feast-ing, o - hi o - hu, Lies the ship in
Mo *cheol - gair - e* *L.H.* *Rua - ri'n Tar - tair*

sempre

*

ten.

Cas - tle Bay, o - hi - o - hu - o fal - u - o Ha
o - hi - u

più dolce

o - i - ò - hu. Song and harp-ing o - hi ò - hu.
'S iom - adh claidheamh

L.H. *8* *L.H.* *L.H.*

u *

The Ballad of Macneil of Barra.

With awakened alarm. *With great hurry and agitation.*

Sud - den cla - mour, o - hi - - - o o - i - o - u - o
 Gle - gheal las - rach

precipitadamente

♩. *

fal - u - o Ha i - o - o - hi. Out! * Mo sgian dubh, o - hi ò - hu.
 'S iom - adh tar - gaid o - hu o - hi

ff

ten.

Trai-tors vile and black are ye, o - hi - o - u - o fal - u - o.
 Fuil-teach srac-ach o - hi - u

f marcando poco a poco p pp

ten.

Clos'd the hatch-es, o - i ò - hu, Sails the ship out to the sea, o
 Chunn-aic mo shuil Anns a' chaisteal o - hi - u

p *

*Pronounced mo skian du (Italian vowel sounds.)
 The Ballad of Macneil of Barra.

a tempo

i - o - u - o fal - u - o. Vain, Mac - neil of Kish-mul's vassals
chuid daoine o - hi o - hu

ten.

Vain your ① cries a - long the shore, o - i - o - u - o - fal - u -
Mar na fars-paich o L.H. hi - u - o

R.H. *

o, Rua - ri'n Tur - star, o - hi o - hu, May re - turn
'S tu mo cheol

R.H. *

or

to Bar-ra shore no more.
mo cheol's mo ghair e thu.

① It is said, they ran along the shore crying, "Carle of the skins, leave us our Macneil!"

A DUNVEGAN DIRGE.

"Cha tig Mor."

Eriskay version of an old Celtic air.*

Taken down, translated and pianoforte
accompaniment composed by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Largo. $\text{♩} = 48$. (each minim beat, like a slow step.)

VOICE. 

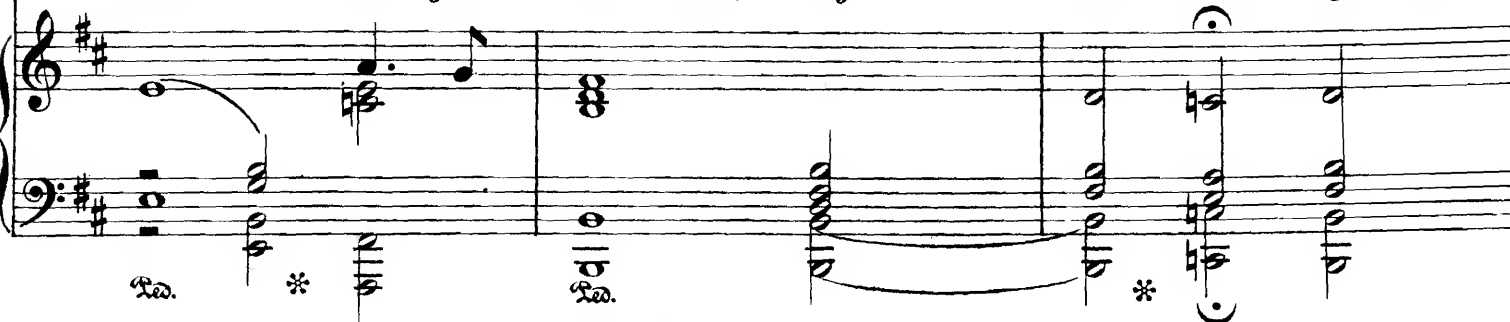
PIANO. *Like a Funeral March.*
pesante ma dolce


With strongly marked rhythm and yet very sustained.

Cha tig Mór mo bhean dach - aidh, Cha tig Mór mo bhean
Ah no more, my wife, home - ward Nev - er more thou't re -

pp mf molto sostenuto


ghaoil, Cha tig màth - air mo lein - 'ibh,. Nochd cha
turn. For your mo - ther, my chil - dren, Night and



* Played at the Funeral of Father Allan Macdonald, the Celtic Folklorist, in Eriskay.

Copyright 1908 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

laigh i ri m' thaobh. Bidh an crodh anns an... ead - radh, 'Siad a
 day now you'll mourn; Help-less calves in the stead - ing With the

freag - airt nan... laogh, 'Sbidh mo Mhór-s' an Dun -
 cat - tle stand bye, My — *Mor 's in Dun -

bheag - ain Nochd cha fhreag - air i'n glaoth. Cha tig Mor mo bhean
 ve - gan, She'll no more tend the Kye. Nev - er more, my wife,

dach - aidh, Cha tig Mor mo bhean ghaoil Cha tig
 home - ward, nev - er more thou't re - turn, For your

*Mor = a woman's name, pronounced like English "more"

A Dunvegan Dirge.

math - air mo lein - ibh Nochd cha laigh i rim'
mo - ther, my chil - dren, Night and day now you'll

Red. *

thaobh. ** 'S ged a shiubh - lainn a' mhach - air 'San ceum as
mourn. Ev - er wea - ry the * mach - air Dazed and

* Red.

fhaid - e mu thuath, Bean t' aog - ais cha'n fhaic mi Ann an
foot - sore I tread; 'Mong the homes of the liv - ing Why

*

clach - an nan sluagh. Fàs - aidh bàrr air a' chuil - i - onn 'S fàs - aidh
seek I the dead? Come seed - time, come har - vest, At the

Red.

A Dunvegan Dirge.

* Machair : wide stretch of sandy shore. ** This verse was taken down by Eoghan Carmicheal.

duill-each air craoibh, Fàs-aidh fras air an luach-air, 'S fad-a
shear-ing as of yore, My wife will sing *Luin-neags, At the

poco rall.

p

bh'um mo bhean ghaoil. Cha tig Mór mo bhean dach-aidh, Cha tig
milk-ing no more. No more, my wife, home-ward, No

p e sempre dim.

Mór mo bhean ghaoil, Cha tig màth-air mo
more thou'tt re-turn; For the mo-ther of my

dim.

lein-ibh, Nochd cha laigh i rim' thaobh.
chil-dren, Night and day now I mourn.

una corda

* Luinneag = a ditty. (pronounced Loonyak)

A Dunvegan Dirge.

A DUNVEGAN DIRGE.

An alternative harmonic version.

PIANO.

The first system of musical notation for 'A Dunvegan Dirge'. It features a vocal line on a single treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass staves). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the bass and a half note A3 in the treble, followed by a series of chords and moving lines. A triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) appears at the end of the system.

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note D5, and a half note E5. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines, with a triplet of eighth notes (C5, D5, E5) appearing in the vocal line. The system concludes with a half note F#5 and a quarter note G5.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note A5, a quarter note B5, and a half note C6. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines, with a triplet of eighth notes (A5, B5, C6) appearing in the vocal line. The system concludes with a half note D6 and a quarter note E6.

The fourth system of musical notation, which includes the Coda. The vocal line begins with a half note F#5, a quarter note G5, and a half note A5. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines. The word "Coda." is written above the vocal line. The system concludes with a half note B5 and a quarter note C6.



THE SEAL-WOMAN'S CROON.

(Literal translation from the Gaelic.)

The seals are the children of the King of Lochlann* under spells—*clann Rìgh Lochlainn fo gheasaibh*. Beauty, wisdom, and bravery were in their blood as well as in their skins, and that was why their step-mother took the hate of destruction for them, and live she would not unless she got them out of the way. Seven long years did she spend with a namely magician, a-learning of the Black Art, until at last she was as good as her master at it, with a woman's wit forby. And what think ye of it!—did not the terrible carlin put her step-children under eternal spells, that they should be half-fish half-beast so long as waves should beat on the shores of Lochlann! Och! Och! that was the black deed—sure you would know by the very eyes of the seals that there is kingly blood in them. But the worst is still untold. Three times in the year, when the full moon is brightest, the seals must go back to their own natural state, whether they wish it or no. Their step-mother put this in the spells so that there might be a world of envy and sorrow in their hearts every time they saw others ruling in the kingdom which is theirs by right of blood. And if you were to see one of them as they should be always, if right were kept, you would take the love of your heart for that one, and if weddings were in your thoughts, sure enough a wedding there would be. Long ago, and not so long ago either, a man in Canna was shore-wandering on an autumn night and the moon full, and did he not see one of the seal lady-lords washing herself in a streamlet that was meeting the waves! And just as I said, he took the love of his heart for her, and he went and put deep sleep on her with a sort of charm that he had, and he carried her home in his arms. But och! och! when the wakening came, what had he before him but a seal! And though he needed all the goodness he had, love put softening in his heart, and he carried her down to the sea and let her swim away to her own kith and kin, where she ought to be. And she spent that night, it is said, on a reef near the shore, singing like a daft mavis, and this is one of her croons—indeed, all the seals are good at the songs, and though they are really of the race of Lochlann, it is the Gaelic they like best.

—KENNETH MACLEOD.

*Geographically, *Lochlann* corresponds to the modern Scandinavia; mythologically, however, it is a Wonderland beyond the seas.

THE SEAL-WOMAN'S CROON.

(An Cadal trom.)

From the traditional singing of
Kenneth Macleod.

Noted and arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With an alluring rhythmical swing. %

VOICE. *dolce e misterioso*

PIANO. *p* *p leggierissimo* 3

nail - e bho Bheir mi hiù ra bho
na - la vo Vèr mi hiu ra - vo

ho ro i Bheir mi hiù ra bho
ho ro i Vèr mi hiu ra vo

nail - e bho An ead-al trom 'san deachaidh mi. deachaidh mi.
na - la vo An ead-al traum san jèch - a mi.) to

except last verse. to last time only.

* German "eh"

Tha mo chlu-as - ag an cras - gail dhonn Anns an
 Tha mo ghru-ag - ach-sa fa - da thall Air na
 Bidh mi mair - each a' snamh nan tonn Thar an
Pil - low'd on the sea-wrack brown am I On the
Far a - way my own gruag - ach lone On the
On the mor-row shall I o'er the Sound O'er the

legatissimo

*

lonn - ar - as gheal o hi Tha mo dhuan -
 dàimh - sgeir-e gheal o hi Fàth mo ghruam -
 lonn - ar - as gheal o hi Ni mi àbh -
gleam - ing white sheen - sand, o hi Lull'd by sweet
gleam - ing white friend - reefs, o hi Lies, and that the
gleam - ing white sheen - sand, o hi Swim un - til I

legatissimo

*

ag an gair-ich thonn 'Se'n cad - al trom a dheal-aich sinn.
 ain gu'n d'rinn mi chall 'Se'n cad - al trom a dheal-aich sinn.
 achd le gràdh-an donn An cad - al trom cha dheal-aich sinn.
croon of waves I lie Could slum - ber deep part thee and me.
cause of all my moan, Did slum - ber deep part thee and me.
*reach my *grah-yau down, Nor slum - ber deep part thee and me.*

legatissimo

*

The Seal-woman's croon.

*gràdh-an donn: loved one brown

SPINNING SONG.

From the singing of Janet Macleod, Eigg,
memorized by Kenneth Macleod.

Noted and Arr: for voice and pianoforté by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. With daintily marked rhythm.

PIANO. $\text{♩} = 132.$

R.H.
L.H.
p e leggiero

Fin.

Hù rù rithill iu riu - a - ro hi rithill iu
* Who - rue - reel - your - you - are - oh he - reel - you

accel. *Lunga pausa*

rithill - o ro - a - ro hi rithill ithill o hui o ro ro bha ho
reel - oh - row - ah - row he - reel - eel - oh - hew - oh - row - rove - ah - ho

accel.

a tempo *ten.* *A little slower.*

hithillean beag cha la ò hill iu ra bho. Thug mi gaol duit
heel - an - peek - ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo. Love gave I to

col canto *espressivo*

Fin.

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*The *sounds* of the syllables of the refrain are here represented by monosyllabic *English* words.

a tempo

Thug mi gradh duit hithillean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho
 thee my lov - er, heel - an - peck ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo

leggiero

*

a little slower *a tempo*

Nach tug piuth - ar riamh d'a brath - air Hù rù rithill iù
 Love that sis - ter ne'er gave bro - ther, Who - rue - reel - your -

molto espress. *leggierrmente*

* Ld.

riu a ro hi rithill iù rithill o ro a ro hi rithill ithill o hill o
 you - are - oh he - reel - you reel - oh - row - are - oh he - reel - eel - oh heel - oh -

accel.

Lunga pausa.

ro ro bhan ho hithillean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho
 row - row - van - hoe heel - an - peck ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo

a tempo *col canto*

Spinning Song.

*This gradually accelerating phrase was sung as the thread was long drawn out.

Nach tug piuth - ar
Love that sis - ter

mf espressivo

riamh d'a brath - air hithillean beag
ne'er gave bro - ther heel an peck

Cha la o hill iù ra bho
Ha la o heel your ah vo

leggiere

ten.

Nach tug bean d'a cìoch - ran ta - laidh
To her lull'd one ne'er gave mo - ther

Hù - rù rithill iù
Who - rue - reel your -

mf molto espress.

leggiere

riu a ro hi rithill iù rithill o
you - are - oh he - reel - you reel - oh -

ro a ro hi rithill ithill o
row - ah - row hi - reel - eel - oh heel - oh

accel.

rò ro bhan hò hithillean beag
row - row - van - hoe Heel - an - peck -

cha la o hill iù ra bho
ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo

col canto

Spinning Song.

'S' tus' a' chuibh - eal
Thou the wheel and

p *mf* *espressivo*

Ad.

's mis' an snaith - lean hithillean beag cha la ho hill iu ra bho
I the thread, Ho heel - an - peck ha - la - ho heel - your - ah - vo

leggiero

Sinn fo chal - a - nas an Dàin ghil Hù rù rithill iu
White fate spin - ning o'er our head Ho Who - rue - reel your -

Ad.

riu a ro hi rithill iu rithill o ro a ro hi rithill ithill o hui o
you - are - oh he - reel - you reel - oh - row - ah - row he - reel - eel - oh hew - oh -

accel. *e* *cres.*

ro ro bhan ho hithillean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho.
row row - van - ho ho Heel - an - peck ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo.

p e leggiero *p rall.*

Spinning Song.

SONGS OF LABOUR.

IN the Hebrides labour and song went hand in hand; labour gave rise to song, and song lightened labour. In this book specimens are given of songs associated with spinning, waulking, milking, churning, and rowing. Apart altogether from their musical value, they are of interest as a characteristic element in a life which is fast passing away. Labour is now being more and more divorced from song, and in the course of a very few years the folk will be surprised to hear that their fathers and mothers once used song as a substitute for steam and electricity! One reason is that labour itself is changing; in its old forms it was suited to song; in its new forms the noise of machinery is its music. The quern, for instance, is never used now except in a case of emergency in the outlying isles, and with the quern has disappeared some of the prettiest Gaelic croons. Likewise, patent churns impoverish equally the lilt and the buttermilk, and once sanitary law has forbidden hand-milking and home-waulking (or, at any rate, "human" waulking!) the last link between song and labour will have been snapped.

It is hardly necessary to say that the measure and the time of the labour-songs are suited to the special kind of work involved. In the spinning-song, for instance, "the long drawn out gradually accelerating phrase culminating in a long pause, is evoked by the periodic rhythm of the spinning itself." The wool is carded into rolls or "rowans" (Gaelic *rolag*), and the time of the song is really determined by the spinner's manipulation of the rolls. As a rule, the spinner is singing the verse and the short chorus as she stretches out her hand for another roll, joins it to the end of the spun one, and gets into the swing of the spinning; this done, the wheel and the long chorus go merrily together, gradually getting quicker, till the spinner, prolonging a note, stretches out as far as her right hand can reach what remains of the roll, and then, with a *hithullean beag cha la o hìll iù ra bhó*, runs it through to the bobbin.

Of the labour-songs which survive, the ones used for waulking, for fulling the home-spun cloth, are the most numerous and the most varied. The theme may be love or war or the praise of a chief, or even a tragedy such as the *Sea-Sorrow*; any song, indeed, may be used for waulking, provided the verse is sufficiently short and the chorus sufficiently long. Many of the old Ossianic ballads have been adapted for the purpose, each line forming a verse, followed by a chorus; the result being that ballads which might otherwise have been lost have been thus preserved, though in every case the diction has been greatly simplified and modernised in the process. There are, of course, different songs for different stages of the waulking,* and the stages vary from two or three at a "little" waulking to anything up to twelve at a "big" waulking. The writer has noted the following well-defined stages at Hebridean waulkings within the last twenty years:—(1) Fairly slow songs—*òrain-teasachaidh*, "heating-songs"—to give the woman time to get into the swing of the work. (2) Lively songs—*òrain-teannachaidh*, "tightening-songs"—to break the back of the work. (3) Frolic-songs—*òrain-shìgraidh*—to give the maidens a chance of avowing or disavowing their sweethearts. (4 and 5) Stretching and clapping songs—*a' sìneadh 's a' baslachadh an aodaich*—to make certain that the cloth is of even breadth. (6) The consecration of the cloth—*coisrigeadh an aodaich*. (7) Folding songs—*a' coinnleachadh an aodaich*. As the consecration of the cloth is now practically a thing of the past, a specimen† of the chants used may be given—

Car deiseal a h-aon,
Car deiseal a dhà,
Car deiseal a trì.

A' ghrian gus a' chuan shiar,
An cinneadh-daonda gus an Trianaid
Anns gach gnìomh gu suthainn siorruidh,
'S anns na sòlasaibh.

Beannachd an Dòmhnach air an aodach so,
Gu meal 's gu'n caith na fiurain e
Air muir 's air tìr, 's ann an caochladh
Nam mòr-thonna.

Oran a h-aon air,
Oran a dhà,
Oran a trì,
'S nar biodh fuaghteadh ris gu dilinn
Ach ceol-gàire nan nìonag
'S pògan-meala nam mìneag
'S nan òranaich—
Is fòghnaidh sin!

The sunwise turn once,
The sunwise turn twice,
The sunwise turn thrice. } *Suiting the action
to the words.*

The sun to the Western Sea,
Mankind to the Holy Three
In each deed for aye and aye,
And in the gladnesses.

The blessing of the Lord on this cloth,
May the heroes wear it, enjoy it,
By sea, by land, in the changes
Of mighty waves.

One song on it,
Two songs,
Three songs,
And may there be sewed to it never
But music-laughter of maidens,
Honey-kisses of fair ones
And singing ones—
And that sufficeth!

It may be added that, in the case of the frolic-songs, verses were improvised in which the name of each maiden present was coupled with that of her sweetheart, to whom some slighting allusion‡ was invariably made; and the maiden, in her reply, was expected to resent this and to praise the slighted one up to the skies. Sometimes, however, either from want of will or want of pluck in the maiden (in the Hebrides it could hardly have been lack of poetic talent!) the young man was left unpraised and unsung, the result being civil war in the township, and breaking of hearts, if not of heads.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* It may be explained that the object of the waulking is to shrink and thicken the cloth. The web is steeped in ammonia and laid on a long narrow table, at which some twelve or twenty women sit down and thump and rub the cloth against the boards, always taking care to keep it moving sunwise round the table. Cloth for Sunday wear gets about two hours' waulking; cloth for the wear and tear of tilling and boating has to be thicker, and gets at least double the time. No one ever asks, however, "How long will it take?" but "How many songs will it take?"

† From Janet Macleod.

‡ The Gaelic expressions are: *cur nan gillean 'san dùbhradh* (or, *tùradh*); *'gan toirt as*; *'gam fàgail ann*.

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

Bruadar Céin.

Gaelic by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Old Air noted in Gairloch by Stewart Home.

Pianoforte arrangement and translation by

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Or *With gently swaying rhythm.*

VOICE. *dreamily.*

PIANO. *p e dolce*
(about 96=)

raoir bha mo bhruadar, mo bhruadar, mo bhruadar, 'S an nochd bidh mo bhrud - ar am
fair is my Mor - ag, my Mor - ag, my Mor - ag, My love - ly young Mor - ag a -
(pronounce Mó - rak)

fuair-bheinn a' cheo, Gach oidh - che mo bhruadar's an fhuair - bheinn'san fhuair-bheinn, Is
down by yon glen, I dream aye of Mor - ag, dream - wan - der wi' Mor - ag, Where

e dolce
p

t'fhuair - an a' nuall - an am chluais ri mo bheo. Tha
leaps the brown burn from the mist on the Ben. O

colla voce

Copyright 1908 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

nìon - a'g mo bhruid - air fo'n fhuar - bheinn fo'n fhuar - bheinn, Cho
sweet as hill - wa - ters, cool wa - ters, hill - wa - ters, My

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and lyrical. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. There are fermatas over the piano accompaniment in the first and third measures. A small asterisk is placed below the piano part in the second measure.

glan ris an fhuar-an, cho nuadh ris a' cheo A ghrian ghil an Domhnaich bi
**nìon - ag, my Mor - ag a - sleep in you glen, And cool as at noon - tide the*

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and some melodic lines in the right hand. There are fermatas over the piano part in the first and third measures. Small asterisks are placed below the piano part in the first and third measures.

pòg - adh a ciabh - an Is mi - se 'ga h-iarg - ain 's'ga
drift of white dew - mist, This dream to my hot heart purchit

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment includes a long, sustained chord in the bass line, indicated by a horizontal oval. There is a small asterisk below the piano part in the second measure.

h-iarr - aidh ri m' bheo. Ged's cian mi air m' ain - - eol o'n
dry on the plain. For dear is my Mor - - ag, my

The fourth system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a final, sustained chord in the bass line. There is a fermata over the piano part in the second measure.

The Exile's Dream.

*Maiden—pronounced neenak.

dach - aidh fo'n fhuar bheinn Is miann le mo bhruid - ar mo
 nion - ag, my Mor - ag, My love - - ly young Mor - ag that

* *Ad.* *

bhruid - ar bhi'd cheo, An nion - - ag is tal - adh a
 lives in yon glen, And dream - - ing o' Mor - ag, dream -

Ad.

graidh ghil 'gam dhan-adh 'S am fuar - an a' nuall-an am chluais ri mo bheo._____
 wan - d'ring wi' Mor - ag I hear the stream croon-ing be - neath the cold Ben. _____

rit.

p e leggiero *colla voce*

* *Ad.* *

OR

The Exile's Dream.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY.

(Taladh Chriosta.)

Noted in Eriskay from the singing of M^{rs} John Macinnes.
Words from FATHER ALLAN MACDONALD.

and arranged with pianoforte accomp: by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Lento. (M.M. ♩=68)

VOICE. *With a gentle rocking rhythm.*

PIANO.

Mo ghaoil, mo
My joy, my

ghradh, is m'eud-ail thu! Gur m'iunn-tas ùr is m'eibh-neas thu! Mo mhac-an àl-ainn,
love, my dar-ling thou! My trea-sure new, my rap-ture thou! My come-by beau-teous

cent-ach thu! cha'n fhiu mi fhein a bhi ad dhàil *Ha - le - lu - i - a
babe-son thou, un-wor-thy I to tend to thee

Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i -

† The melody alluded to here is said to have been a Northern Sailor's folk-song heard by Chopin in the Mediterranean.

* Italian vowel sounds.

Copyright 1909 by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.

a. Mo ghaol an
White sun of

t-suil a sheall-as tla! Mo ghaol an eridh' tha liont' le gradh! Ged is lean-abh
hope and light art thou! Of love the heart and eye art thou! Tho' but a ten-der

thu gun chàil Is lion-mhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs. Ha - le - lu - i - a
babe, I bow In heav'n-ly rap-ture un-to thee.

Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i -

a. R.H. L.H. Ped. *

The Christ-Child's Lullaby.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY.

[TALADH CHRIOSTA.]*

In Eigg and Uist this lullaby is associated with a legend of which the following is a literal translation:—

THERE was once a shiftless laddie in one of the isles who had lost his mother, and that is always a sad tale, but had got a stepmother in her place, and that is sometimes a sadder tale still. He was not like other children at anyrate, but wise where they were foolish, and foolish where they were wise; and he could never do or say anything but what put anger on his stepmother. There was no life for him in the house, and if out he should go, as out he would, that was a fault too. His neighbours said that he was growing into the grave. His stepmother said that he was growing up to the gallows. And he thought himself (but his thoughts were young and foolish) that he was growing towards something which fate was keeping for him. On an evening there was, he brought home, as usual, the cattle for the milking, and if they gave little milk that time, and likely it was little they gave, who was to blame for it but the poor orphan! "Son of another," said his stepmother in the heat of anger, "there will be no luck on this house till you leave; but whoever heard of a luckless chick leaving of its own will?" But leave the shiftless laddie did, and that of his own will, and ere the full moon rose at night, he was on the other side of the ben.

That night the stepmother could get neither sleep nor ease; there was something ringing in her ear, and something else stinging in her heart, until at last her bed was like a cairn of stones in a forest of reptiles. "I will rise," she said, "and see if the night outside is better than the night inside." She rose and went out, with her face towards the ben; nor did she ever stop until she saw and heard something which made her stop. What was this but a Woman, with the very heat-love of Heaven in her face, sitting on a grassy knoll and song-lulling a baby-son with the sweetest music ever heard under moon or sun; and at her feet was the shiftless laddie, his face like the dream of the Lord's night. "God of the Graces!" said the stepmother, "it is Mary Mother, and she is doing what I ought to be doing—song-lulling the orphan." And she fell on her knees and began to weep the soft warm tears of a mother; and when, after a while, she looked up, there was nobody there but herself and the shiftless laddie side by side.

And that is how the Christ's Lullaby was heard in the Isles.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Mo ghaol, mo ghràdh, is m'eudail thu,
M'iunntas ùr is m' eibhneas thu,
Mo mhacan àlainn ceutach thu,
Cha'n fhiu mi fhein bhi'd dhàil.

Tha mi 'g altrum Rìgh na Mòrachd!
'S mise màthair Dhe na Glòrach!
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhòmhsa!
Tha mo chridhe làn de shòlas.

Mo ghaol an t-sùil a sheallas tlà,
Mo ghaol an cridh' tha liont' le gràdh,
Ged is leanabh thu gun chàil
Is lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

'S tu Rìgh nan Rìgh, 's tu Naomh nan Naomh,
Dia am Mac thu 's siorruidh t' aois,
'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanabh caomh,
'S tu àrd Cheann-feadhna chinne-daonda.

'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais
Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt,
Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich
Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, is eòlas.

Hosanna do Mhac Dhaibhidh,
Mo Rìgh, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlà'n ear!
'S mòr mo shòlas bhi 'gad thàladh,
'S beannaichte measg nam mnàin mi.

My love, my dear, my darling thou,
My treasure new, my gladness thou,
My comely beauteous babe-son thou,
Unworthy I to tend to thee.

I the nurse of the King of Greatness!
I the mother of the God of Glory!
Am not I the glad to-be-envied one!
O my heart is full of rapture.

O dear the eye that softly looks,
O dear the heart that fondly loves,
Tho' but a tender babe thou art,
The graces all grow up with thee.

Art King of Kings, art Saint of Saints,
God the Son of eternal age,
Art my God and my gentle babe,
Art the King-chief of humankind.

The fair white sun of hope Thou art,
Putting the darkness into exile,
Bringing mankind from a state of woe,
To knowledge, light and holiness.

Hosanna to the Son of David.
My King, my Lord, and my Saviour!
Great my joy to be song-lulling thee—
Blessed among the women I.

* The Gaelic verses are taken from a selection of Hymns compiled by the late Father Allan Macdonald, the King-priest of Eriskay, and printed for private circulation.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

LOCH LEVEN LOVE LAMENT.

(Chuir mo leannan cul rium fhein.)

As sung in Eriskay by M^{rs} Macinnes.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a mournful rocking rhythm, but not too slow.

PIANO.

With ♩.

Chuir mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Cul mo lean-nan cul rium fhein
* Hoor mow lan-nan cool room hain Cool mow lan-nan cool room hain

Thug mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Chuir sid gruam-an air an speur
Hoor mow lan-nan cool room hain Hoor sheet groom an air an spare

Gur e mis-e tha gu tinn, At my nets on Lev-en side,

* English phonetics of Gaelic refrain, meaning "My love has turned from me?"

Taobh Loch Leamh - ainn air mo llin Sgeul a fhuair mi chraidh mo chridh
Tals I hear of thee as bride While by dark Loch Lev - en I

gu'n do phos mo lean - nan fhin Chuir mo lean - nan cul rium fhein
sick at heart for - sak - en lie Hoor mow lan nan cool room hain

Cul mo lean - nain cul rium fhein Thug mo lean - nan cul rium fhein
Cool mow len - nan cool room hain Hoor mow len nan cool room hain

Chuir sid gruam - an air an speur *Gur e mis - e tha fo ghruaim
Hoor sheet groom - an air an spare Gloom lies o'er me Day and night

Loch Leven Love Lament.

* Verse written by Henry Whyte.

H-uil - e lath - a a - gus uair Dh' fhalbh mo lean - nan do'n taobh tuath
 Creep - ing gloom broods o'er my sight Why mo len nan tell me why

'S dh' fhaig i mis - e bron - ach truagh Chuir mo leannan eul rium fhein
 Must I here for - sak - en lie Hoor mow len - nan eool room hain

Cresc.

Cul mo leannain eul rium fhein Thug mo lean - nan eul rium fhein
 Cool mow len - nan eool room hain Hoor mow len - nan eool room hain

ff

Chuir sid gruam - an air an speur.
 Hoor sheet groom - an air an spare.

dim.

Cresc.

Loch Leven Love Lament.

79065

*AN ISLAND SHEILING SONG.

(Maighdeanan na h-àiridh.)

Old refrain with Gaelic verses by **Kenneth Macleod.**

Set with English words and pianoforte accomp. by

The melody taken down from the singing of Ann Macneill, Barra, and **MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.**

Or Andante e molto espressivo. ♩ = 88.

VOICE.

PIANO.

legatissimo

R. H.

L. H.

Thug mi'n òidh - che raoir's mi bruad - ar Mar ri
 Last night by the sheil - ing was

*

nìon - ag - an na buail - e, B' fhin-ealt uas - al min na gruag-aich seinn nan
 *Mar - ie my be - lov - ed, Out on the hill - side by the sheil - ing, My

*Gaelic "Mairi" is pronounced like French "Marie".
 Copyright 1908 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

[To be had separately
 in E & G.]

duan - ag anns an àir - idh Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n
*Mair - i, my be - lov - ed Mo *Mhair - i, mo †lean - nan, mo*

oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh, Chaith mi'n oidh - che cridh-eil caoimh-neil, Mar ri
Mhair - i, my be - lov - ed On the hill - side by the sheil - ing, My

maigh-dean - an na h-àir - idh.
Mair - i my be - lov - ed.

Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh 'S cròdh a'
Like the white li - ly float - ing in the

An island sheiling song.

*Pronounced here Varie

†lennan.

sil - eadh bainn - e tàl - aidh 'Sdealt na h-oidh - che sil - eadh
peat hag's dark wa - ters, Pure and white as the

caoimh - neis Air na maigh - dean - an 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n
li - ly in the peat hag's dark wa - ters, Mo

oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san
Mhair - i, mo lean - nan Mo Mhair - i, my be -

àir - idh Chaith mi'n oidh - che eridh-eil caoimh - neil Mar ri maigh-dean-an na
lov - ed, Like the li - ly white, float - ing in the peat hag's dark

An island shelling song.

h-àir - idh.
wa - ters.

And.

'S cian - ail dusg - adh an fhir -
Like the blue gen - tian

*

fhuad - ain 'Se sior - ionn - drainn tìr a bhruid - air, 'S tiamh - aidh
bloom - ing Wet wi' dew in the sun - shine Are the

buan da thar na stuadh - an, Ceol nan gruag - ach anns an
eyes of my Mair - i, pur - ple blue in the

An island sheiling song.

àir - idh Thug mìn oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh Thug mìn
sun - shine Mo Mhair - i, mo lean - nan Mo

oidh - che raoir 'san air - idh Chaith mìn oidh - che cridh-eil
Mhair - i, my be - lov - ed, Li - ly white, pure, gen - tian

*
And.

caimh - neil Mar ri maigh - dean - an na h-àir - idh.
eyed is my Mair - i, my be - lov - ed.

*
And.

*

An island sheiling song.

FAIRY MUSIC.

[CEOL-BRUTHA.]

[*A literal translation of some Gaelic notes taken down from old folk in the Hebrides.*]

T O-DAY is Friday, the day of the Cross, and we may speak well or ill, just as we like, of the Folk of the *bruth**, of the Fairy-den; were it any other day, they would hear the least whisper, and an ill word might put great anger on them. Why do they hate Friday and the Cross? Darling of my heart, it isn't hatred at all, at all—it is only envy. Hast never heard of the man of God who was one day reading the Holy Book on a knoll near Dunvegan Castle? That were indeed a tale to tell, but to make it short, did not the knoll open where there was no opening at all, and out came one of the Folk? "That is a good book thou art reading," said she to the man. "It is the Book of God," said he. "And is there any hope for us in the Book," asked she. As I have said, the man was a man of God, but though his heart was in heaven, his head was on earth, and if he told the truth, he told it artfully. "There is hope in the Book," said he, "for the whole seed of Adam." Almost before the words were out of his mouth, the little woman in green gave the shriek of perdition and vanished out of sight, but, for long after, a voice of wailing was heard in that same knoll: *Not of the seed of Adam we, not of the seed of Adam we.*

The poor Folk! it is likely they have their own share of trouble, just like ourselves; and if the tales be true, they often put trouble on others too. There was a woman in Barra herding cattle one day, and did not the Folk come upon her and carry her with them underground! At any other time the same woman would not have been against a little ploy, but, sad tale! she had left a babe at home, and sweeter than Fairy music is the laughter of her only child to the mother's ear and heart. Och! och! she must have been the sad one, sitting day and night in the *bruth*, eyes and arms seeking the little one that was not there. O darling of my heart, wae's me for the full breast and the empty knee. And the tale says that one evening she knew—but how she knew is what I do not know—that her sister was sitting on the knoll, and she began to croon a song in the hope that she might be heard above—

Little sister, O my sister,
Pitiest thou my plaint to-night?

For all that, few who go into the *bruth* are as keen to leave it as was the woman of Barra. The Folk are so good at the music that if thou wert to enter the *bruth* to-day the sapling might become the tallest tree in the forest ere thou would'st get tired of listening. Hast heard of *Cnoc-na-piobaireachd*, the Knoll-of-piping, in Eigg? In my young days, and in the young days of the ones before me, all the lads of the island used to go there on the beautiful moonlight nights, and bending down an ear to the knoll, it was tunes they would get, and tunes indeed; reels that would make the Merry-dancers themselves go faster, and laments that would draw tears from the eyes of a corpse; sure, in one night, a lad o' music might get as many reels and laments as would marry and bury all the people in Eigg—ay, and in the whole Clanranald country forbye!

But I never heard that any of the young lads in Eigg had the luck of MacCrimmon. It was from the Folk of the *Bruth* that he got his share of music, and not little was that same share. Three of them came to him as he lay weeping on the knoll, and said the first: "I will give thee the championship of piping." Said the second: "I will give thee the championship of goodly company." Said the third: "Two championships are enough for any man; I will put an ill along with them—the madness of the full moon." And as it is the unlikely thing that often happens, better was the ill than the good, for the MacCrimmons never played so well as when the moon was full and the madness lay upon them. Hast ever heard of the two night-wanderers who were passing a wood near Dunvegan Castle? Said the one to the other: "Are they not the two beautiful things, the full moon in the sky and the music of the mavis in yonder wood?" "It is not the mavis at all," said the other; "it is Padruig Mor MacCrimmon, and the warbling of the mavis in his fingers."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Pronounced brúo.

A FAIRY PLAIN.

(Ceol-brutha.)

Noted from the singing of M^{RS} Macdonald,
Skallary Barra,

and Arr. with pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p dolce.

Nach truagh leat fhein phiuthrag 's a phiuth-ar
's mi - se bhean bhoichd chian - ail dhubhach O hi O hu O ho
I am sad, O lit - tle sis - ter, O hi O hu O ho
Low my hut is low and nar - row,

mf dolce sempre.

p

Nach truagh leat fhein nochd mo chumh-a
Mi'm both - an beag io - sal cumh-ann O hi O hu O ho
Pi - ty me, O lit - tle sis - ter, O hi O hu O ho
Want - ing wisps o' thatch or heath-rope.

mf

p

Gun lùb sìom - ain gun sop
Ged's oil leam sin cha'n e
The hill - wa - ters stream - sweep
But not that, my cause of

tugh - aidh
chreach mi O hi O hu O ho Uis - ge nam beann
thro' it, O hi O hu O ho Cha'n e chuir mi
sor - row, Cold hill - wa - ters
'Tis not that my

sempre dolcissimo.

sios 'na shruth leis.
cha'n e fhras mi. O hi O hu O ho.
stream - sweep thro' it. O hi O hu O ho.
cause of sor - row.

p

Ach m'aon nigh - ean m'aon nigh - ean.
But the loss of my one daugh - ter.

p rall. e dim. *rit.*

A CHURNING LILT.

From the singing of Annie Johnstone.
The Glen, Barra.

Translated and arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Lightly and with well marked rhythm.

PIANO.
104 = ♩

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes in an ascending scale. The tempo is marked 104 = quarter note.

Am mais-treadh bha aig Moire Air ùr - lar a' ghlinne, A'
Oh Ma - ry had a churning A - down by the *Wick, Sweet
Thig na saor - a, Thig na daor-a, Thig na caon - a, Thig na caomh-a,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are in Gaelic and English, with a note about the word 'Wick'.

meu-dach - adh an ime, A' laghdach - adh a' bhainne, Thig, a chuinneig,
milk she would be turning All in - to but - ter thick. Quick, come but - ter
Thig na gaol - a Thig na clao' A' laghdach - adh a' bhainne,

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are in Gaelic and English.

thig. Blàthach gu dòrn 'S im gu nilinn, Thig, a chuinneig, thig.
quick. But - ter - milk and sweet but - ter. Quick, come but - ter quick.
p *leggiero*

The third system of the song concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'leggiero' (light). The lyrics are in Gaelic and English.

Ped.

*Tha glug an so, Tha glag an so, Tha glag an so, Tha glug an so, Tha
Would but-ter but come quick-ly, Full blythe were we I wist, With
 Thig an lòn, Thig an smeòl, Thig an ceòl as a' bhruth

rud as fhearr na chòir an so Tha rud as fhearr na fion ann.
but-ter to the el-bow, But-ter milk up to the wrist.
 Thig a' chuth-ag, Thig a' cheath-ag Thig an fhos-gag athair.

Thig a chuinneig, thig. Blathach gu dòrn 'Sim gu uilinn, Thig a chuinneig, thig.
Heek ach-hoon-yak heek. Blach goo dòrn, Seem goo ool-een Heek ach-hoon-yak heek.

*This verse and the following were added (by kind permission of D^r Alexander Carmichael) from the "Carmina Gadelica."

A Churning Lilt.

* SUIRGHE MHIC 'IC AILEIN.

(CLANRANALD'S SWEETHEARTING.)

Gaelic version.

With a passionate swing.


VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Fine.

deoch - sa làimh mo rùin, Slàin - te le fear an Tùir, Biodh an deoch - sa làimh mo rùin.
deoch - sa làimh mo rùin, Slàin - te na te nach diùlt, 'S biodh an deoch - sa làimh mo rùin.

Ad. 

Dal 

Ol - adh no nach ol - adh cach i, Biodh i làn air ceann a' bhùird;
Dh'òlainn deoch slain - te Rìgh Seu - mas, Bhi 'ga éigh - each air a' chrùn;
Is deoch slain - te Mhic 'ic Ail - ein, Ge b'e cal' an leag thu siuil.
Sùil gu'n tug mi thar mo ghual - ann Rinn mi cuairt - each air a' chuan;
Chunn - acas bà - ta air an fhair - ge Is làmh dhearg air an stiuir;
Chunn - acas dol seach na caoil i, 'S bad - an fraoich am bàrr an t-siuil;
Fhir a chunn - aic air an t-sàil' i, Beannaich an long bhàn 's a daoine;
Beannaich a croinn ard' 's a h-acuinn, A cuid ac - raich - ean 's a siuil.
Ged a tha mi so an Col - a B'e mo thoil e dol 's a Rùm;
Ag - us as a sin do dh'Uidh - ist Na'n d'fhuair mi mo ghuidh - e leam;
'S maireg a shamh - ladh Col - a creag - ach Ri Dun - bheag - ain no Dun - tuilm;
'S truagh nach fhaic - inn cais - teal Dhubh - aird Dol 'na sprudh - an anns a chuan.
Gur e m'eu - dail Mac 'ic Ail - ein Seach na bal - aich tha 'gam dhan;
Mo rùn air muim - e nam mac - amh A rinn t'al - trum air a glùn;
'Se am mac as fhearr na'n t-ath - air An cliu 's an aigh - ear 's an sunnd;
'S mur a b'e gur tu mo bhràth - air 'S mi nach àich - eadh i - dir thu.

(Agus fhreagair Mac 'ic Ailein.)

Gheabh mi lean - nan anns gach siubh - al Ach b'e'n ul - aidh piu - thar nùis;
'S ged a tha mi nochd a' seol - adh Na biodh ceol - ag bheag fo lionn;
Cha dean sruth no gaoth mo thill - eadh Gus an cinn - ich mi mo rùn.

Dal 

SUIRGHE MHIC 'IC AILEIN.

(CLANRANALD'S SWEETHEARTING.)

Collected and Edited by Kenneth Macleod.

(A literal translation from the Gaelic.)

A wild man was old Clanranald, without fear of God, without dread of foe, without love of friend, and thus it was that he banished his infant-daughter to her mother's relatives, the Macleans of Duart. Nor did he ever see her again, for as *she* was growing into youth, *he* was growing into the grave. And when he died, indeed it was not the father's son who heired him, but as warm-hearted and brave a lad as ever put hand to a Clanranald helm; haply it was the good blood of the long-before that was a-showing itself in the youth. On a year there was, what should happen but that young Clanranald took it into his head to visit the Lord of Coll, they being of the same blood though not of the same name, and warm is blood even in the skin of a dog. And it was there the gathering was! And the eating! And the drinking! And the music-of-laughter! And if one health-drink was quaffed to anybody else, there were two if not three quaffed to a young lady-lord of Duart Castle. And as mischance will sometimes have it, what did young Clanranald do but take love for her, and it was everything under the white sun he would do but return to Uist without her. She was listening to him at first, a-testing him, to see if he was his father's son; and when she saw that indeed he was not, but as eagle compared with raven, my hand and soul to you but she was glad and right-glad. On an evening there was, what think ye but the company were all going on merriment, and they in great glee after a seal-hunt, and nothing less would serve every *balach* (raw-lad) in the assemblage, but make a *duanag* (songlet) to the lady-lord from Duart Castle. At last and at long last came the reply-chance to her, and this is the song she sang, and ere there was end to it, young Clanranald knew that she was his own dear sister.

This cup to thy lips, *mo run*, (mo rōn, "my love")A health to him of the *Tur* (Tōr, "tower")This cup to thy lips, *mo run*,

Let the others drain nor drain it,
Brim it at the table dais;

Drink I the health of *Rìgh Seumas* (Ree Shameus, King James).
For his crown-proclaiming pray;

And the health of young ClanRanald,
Whatso port thou strikest sail.

A look gave I across my shoulder,
Made eye-roving of the main;

A boat espyed I on the high sea,
'Red-Hand'¹ piloting her way;

Speeding was she through the narrows,
In her mast-top the 'red-spray'.²

Whoso on the ocean sight her,
Bless the white-ship and her fare;

Bless her rigging and her high-masts,
All her anchors and her sails.

Though my stay be here in Coll
Sure my thought is towards *Rum*, (Rōm).

And from thence away to Uist
If the wish I wished came true.

Fie! to even Coll the craggy

To Dunvegan or Duntulm!³ (Dōn-tōlm)

Would I saw your Duart Castle
Seaward crashing into ruins!

Sure my darling is Clanranald,
Not those braggarts with their lays;

My love the foster nurse of heroes,
In thy rearing rings her praise;

Better the son than the father
In wit, in ardour, and in fame;

Were it not thou art my brother,
Sure I'd never say thee nay!

And young Clanranald made answer:—

Every roaming brings a sweetheart,
But a new sister—there's the trove!

And tho' tonight I must a-roving,
Be not *ceolag*⁴ dear in woe;

Wind nor tide shall make me tarry
Till I clan-restore my own.

And *this* cup to thy lips, my maid,
The health of her who won't say nay,
And this cup to thy lips, my maid.

¹ Red-Hand—The Macdonald Crest.² Red-Spray—The Macdonald badge is the purple-heath.³ Duntulm Castle, in Trotternish, was once the Skye home of the Sleat Macdonalds; it is now a picturesque ruin.⁴ *Ceolag*, Kyōlak, 'little-music-one'.

CLANRANALD'S PARTING SONG.

Air taken down from Peter Stuart,
crofter, Uig, Skye, and fitted with

English adaptation and arrangement for Pianoforte and Voice by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

Comodo.

Like the boat rocking in the bay.

PIANO. *Or* *mf*

REFRAIN.
with energy

Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin Slaint - e le fear an
(He) Here's a health to thee, *mo run We'll drain the cup, for

pesante sempre. *f*

Tuir Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin
soon We shall be part - ing now, mo run

sf

with tenderness Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo
(She) Be true to me, mo

mp *dolce*

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*pronounced mo roon. means my love

ruin Slaint - e le fear an Tuir Biodh an deoch - sa
run Flies swift the hour, full soon We two must part - ed

Verse.

'laimh mo ruin. Ged a tha mi so an Col - a Bè mo
be, mo run. Sad I bide on craggy Coll, and fain would be

thoil e dol a Rùm Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin
sail - ing out with thee, But you'll be true to me, mo run

with energy

Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin
(He) Here's a health to thee, mo run

accel. *rit.*

Glanranald's parting song.

Slaint - e le fear an Tuir Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin,
 I'll drain the cup, for soon I shall be sail - ing now, mo run,

pesante.

Verse.

A - gus as a sin do dh'Uidhist Nàn d'fhuair mi mo ghuidh-e
 Sail-ing I'll be by rocky *Rum, by wing - ed Skye and U - ist

Repeat for Gaelic version.

leam Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin,
 blue, Ere I re - turn to thee, mo run,

tenderly

with tenderness

Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin.
 (She) But you'll be true to me, mo run.

dim. *pp*

Clanranald's parting song.

*pronounced "room"

AN ERISKAY LULLABY.

Taladh Eirisgeach.
(The Mermaid's Song.)

Gaelic words adapted from an old Hebridean song by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Old Celtic melody, noted in the Isle of Eriskay from the singing of Mary Macinnes.

Music and English Words Arr. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto.

With smooth and unbroken swing throughout.

PIANO. *Or p*

*And sempre
una corda*

Ho - ro La - dy bhiḡ. Ho - ro **ei - le, Ho - ro
(La - dy wee)
*Là - di - vik

p and very smoothly sustained

la - dy bhiḡ, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro la - dy bhiḡ,
là - di - vik, là - di - vik,

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*"a" as in "lad"

**pronounced ay-lay same vowel sound before and after the "l"

The Singer, who learnt this song from Father Allan Macdonald, pronounced the *a* in "Lady" like a French "u."

Ho - ro ei - le A luaidh biodh na stuadh - an 'gad luasg - adh gu
My babe on a curl - ing green wave, be thy

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

brud - ar Ho - ro la - dy bhi'g Ho - ro ei - le
crad - ling la - di - vik

Ad. *

Ho - ro La - dy bhi'g Ho - ro ei - le Ho - ro
La - di - vik

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *morendo*

la Ho - ro la.

An Eriskay Lullaby.

Ho - ro lean - a - bain,
little child na - ban,
Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro

lean - a-bain,
la - na - ban,
Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro lean - a - bain,
la - na - ban,

† Wi' the birds to your nest ye maun gang a - wa'
Ho - ro ei - le, Bìodh an fhaoil - eag's an eal - a a' fair - e do
While the sea - gull and swan for thy *cur - ach are

ear - - ly,
**chuas - aig. Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le,
car - ing. la - na - ban,

An Eriskay Lullaby.

* Pronounced "coor-ach" means coracle.

** The name given in the stories to the mermaid's coracle.

† Alternative words.

Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro
là - na - bain,

morendo

Cres. * *Cres.* * *Cres.* *

la, Ho - ro la,

Ho - ro La - dy bhig, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro
Là - di - vik,

p * *Cres.* *

la - dy bhig, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro la - dy bhig,
là - di - vik,

Cres. * *Cres.* * *Cres.* *

An Eriskay Lullaby.

Wi' the lark i' the morn - in' ye'll rise a - gain
 Ho - ro ei - le, Fuaime nan ramh anns a' Bhaigh, sid mo ghràdh - sa 'gam
 With his nets from the Bay will thy fa - ther be
 ear - - ly,
 dhuan - adh. Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le,
 far - ing. là - na - ban,
 Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro
 là - na - ban,
 la, Ho - ro la.
morendo
pp

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is indicated by 'And.' (Andante) and 'morendo' (diminuendo). The score ends with a double bar line and a piano (pp) marking.

An Eriskay Lullaby.

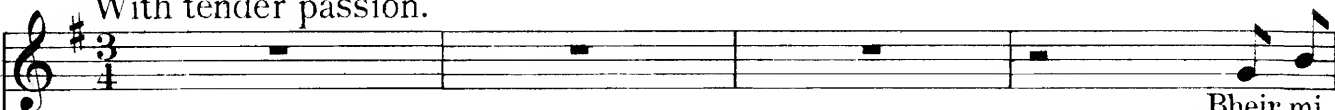
AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.


Gradh Geal mo chridh.

Sung by Mary Macinnes, Eriskay.
 Last three verses by KENNETH MACLEOD.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With tender passion.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Ad.



ò - ro bhan o Bheir mi ò - ro bhan i Bheir mi ò - ru o ho 'S mi tha
 o - ro van o Vair me o - ro van ee Vair me o - ru o ho Sad am



** Ad.*



bron - ach's tu'm dhith. _____ 'S iom-adh
 I with-out thee. _____ When I'm
 Fad - a



Ad.

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*Vowel sound as in English word "hair!"

oidh - che fliuch is fuar Ghabh mi cuairt is mi leam fhin, Gus an
lone - ly dear white heart Black the night or wild the sea, By love's
 siar air agh-aidh cuain 'Se mo dhuan - sa Cruit - mo-chridh, Guth mo

d'rain - ig mi'n t-àit Fàin robh gradh geal mo chridh. Bheir mi
light my foot finds The old path - way to thee. Vair me
 luaidh anns gach stuaidh 'Ga mo nuall - an gu tir.

o ro bhan o Bheir mi o ro bhan i Bheir mi o ru o
 o ro van o Vair me o ro van ee Vair me o ru o

ho 'S mi tha bròn - ach's tu'm dhith.
 ho *Sad am I with-out thee.*

An Eriskay love lilt.

'Na mo chlàr-saich cha robh ceòl 'Na mo mheoir-eàn cha robh àgh, Rinn do
Thou'rt the mus - ic of my heart, Harp of joy, oh 'cruit mo chridh, Moon of
 Gur tu m'òig-e is mo rùn, Mo re-iùil thu anns an oidhch, Tha mo

Cres. * *Cres.* * *Cres.* * *Cres.* *

phòg - sa mo leon, Fhuair mi Eol - as an dàin. Bheir mi o ro bhan
guid - ance by night, Strength and light thou'rt to me. Vair me o ro van
 dhrùidh-eachd ad shùil, Tha mo chiurr-adh ad loinn.

Cres. *Cres.*

o Bheir mi o ro bhan i Bheir mi o ru o ho 'S mi tha
o Vair me o ro van ee Vair me o ru o ho Sad am

* *Cres.* *

bron - ach's tu'm dhith.
I with-out thee.

Cres. *

An Eriskay love lilt.

* "Harp of my heart?" pronounced "crootch mo chree!"